

The World 52

Chapter 52: Midterm Examination (6)

It was only around 11 P.M. when we finally returned to the academy. Titania and I strolled and chatted about random things – our break activities and how we spent our idle time. We delved into discussions about how she envisioned transforming the school for the better if she were to become the new student council president. Well, mostly she did the talking.

I, on the other hand, mostly listened, but she didn't mind. In fact, she seemed pleased that I was paying attention. And I genuinely was; it wasn't just a case of words going in one ear and out the other.

As she continued talking, I walked her back to her dorm. The academy had three dormitories – one for the gold class, one for the silver class, and one for the bronze class. Given the substantial number of students in each class and four academic years, each dormitory had to accommodate around 400 students.

One might think it impossible, but the academy's dormitories were so vast that even with 400 students, there were still plenty of rooms to spare.

As we strolled through the quiet night, the atmosphere suddenly shifted as Titania broached a new topic, "You know, this is the first time I've felt this way. I honestly believed I would be eternally alone in this academy. At some point, I had resigned myself to that fate – solitude for the four years here. But now, with you by my side, that doesn't seem likely anymore.

I'm ecstatic my initial thought was proven wrong," she confessed with a smile that seemed to illuminate the darkness around us. "Honestly, the reason I aspired to become the president is to form connections. It might sound trivial, but can you blame me? I've experienced loneliness in this school. I yearn for friends.

So, for that reason, thank you for becoming one of my friends, Leon," she said with a bright smile that warmed the night. "Oh, and that kiss I bestowed upon you? Consider it my gratitude for being my first friend in this academy. Count yourself blessed to have received that kiss. It's my first, you know?"

"...Well, thanks, I guess," I responded.

She pouted, "What was that dry response? It's my first kiss, you know? And not just any kiss, but a kiss from someone like me, a princess! You're very ungrateful!"

I wasn't being ungrateful. If anything, I cherished the moment. After a while, we finally arrived at the gold's dormitory. Since it was forbidden for someone from another class to step into a different class's dormitory, I didn't go all the way and just stopped at the imposing gate.

"Well, I guess this is it," I said. Turning to her, I expressed, "Once again, thank you for taking the time to tutor us. I genuinely appreciate that."

She smiled at me. "Glad you know that! Well, I'm going in now."

"Yes."

"See you!" she waved her hand as I walked away from her. While striding, I maintained my vigilance. Eyes had been fixated on me since my arrival at the academy. Now, however, those eyes had vanished. I assumed whoever was watching me had been safeguarding Titania from any potential harm – likely a guard or something. If that's all they desired, then there was nothing to fret about.

However, if they sought something more from me and persisted in scrutinizing me with their gaze, I'd ensure they wouldn't get to use those eyes again.

With those thoughts, I proceeded back to the bronze dormitory.

I was delicately fixing my hair when a sudden gust penetrated through the closed window. Without bothering to look, I already knew who it was. In a composed manner, I questioned, "What are you doing here? Isn't it forbidden for a guard to encroach upon my personal space?"

A masculine voice emerged from behind me, "I'm well aware of the rules, Princess Titania, but you've broken yours as well, so this doesn't count. Why did you venture out of the academy without a guard? Do you not comprehend the lurking dangers when you go out alone like that? You do realize the perilous nature of this kingdom, don't you, Princess?"

I sighed while running the brush through my hair, "It's not like I'm alone," I asserted. "I have someone with me."

"That puny man you're with? Do you genuinely believe he could protect you? That man could be dispatched by me with ease! I don't even think I need to exert much effort for him!"

Halting my hair-brushing, I issued a stern warning, "Don't lay a finger on Leon, or you won't escape unscathed, understand? Keep your hands to yourself; that's my direct order. Should you fail to comply, I will not hesitate to inform my father and have him punish you for your transgressions."

The man behind me fell silent at that, and a tense atmosphere hung in the air. The mere suggestion of involving my father, a man known for going to extreme lengths for me, sent shivers down his spine. After a few minutes of palpable silence, he finally mustered the courage to speak, "I'm just worried about you, Princess, but if my actions are causing you discomfort, I sincerely apologize."

Still, the fact that you're employing your skills to elude our watch and leaving without a guard is deeply concerning. My fellow guards are grumbling about the challenges they face in keeping track of you!"

"If that's the case, then perhaps you should just turn a blind eye and cease guarding me altogether."

"You know as well as I do that we can't do that. The king has charged us with the mandate to protect you at any cost! What if those from the opposing faction against your father learned that you slipped away?"

"They won't. I am sheltered by the monarchs here, rendering those aligned with the opposing faction of my father powerless to reach me. Besides, I remain vigilant of my surroundings. I am acutely aware of the perils that lurk beneath this kingdom."

"Then why are you still going outside if that's the case?"

"Guarding me feels like a tightening noose. I can practically feel your eyes drilling into me all the time. I can't even find a trace of privacy anymore. Just like this very moment. You barge into my room while I'm

delicately fixing my hair," I asserted without turning to acknowledge the man behind me, continuing to caress my hair.

"With the stress of living in a different kingdom and all of you tailing me relentlessly, my stress is reaching its peak. I simply crave a moment of reprieve."

"I-Is that the reason?"

"Yes," I confirmed, finally placing the hairbrush down. "If you comprehend, would you please leave already? I have a crucial exam tomorrow that I must pass, and to achieve that, I need a beauty rest for a fully functioning brain."

"Y-Yes, Princess. I am thankful for your illumination about our flaws," he stuttered. "Well then." Following that, a breeze swept through, and when I glanced behind me, no one was there anymore.

I sighed in relief. At last, I could revel in my privacy. With that, I gracefully leaped onto my plush bed, landing with my boobs leading the way. Nestling my head on the pillow, I reflected on the events that had unfolded earlier.

Immediately, my head started throbbing, and it felt as if steam was about to burst forth.

Why did I do that?! Why did I agree to let Leon touch me?! Am I losing my mind?! Crazy! Crazy! Crazyyyy!!!

No, that wasn't it. It must have been the sounds emanating from the other room. That must have been it! The mood was set by that!

Now, what should I do?! Even if Leon was trying not to make a big deal out of that incident, I bet he sees me as some naughty woman now! I am not that naughty! But thanks to that mood, I've acted like one! What will he think of me now?! Oh no!

He must think that I am a naughty woman! But he couldn't blame me for it, right? He was the one who initiated it!

I mean, what was that?! Why was I ensnared by that mood?! And why did Leon look so handsome in that moment?! Eh? EH?! Was I in love with him?

Was that it?! Ehhh~~?!

I had no idea what tumultuous thoughts were racing through my mind, and frankly, I didn't want to delve into them any further. Yet, with the kind of incident that had unfolded, there was no way I could simply erase it from my memory.

"I have no idea how I'm going to face him again..." I mumbled to myself, my head still buried in the pillow. "But to think that... a man's touch could be that... pleasant."

That notion ignited another surge of heat within me, and I twisted and turned on my bed, attempting to dispel the lingering sensations. However, the thoughts clung to me, refusing to dissipate. In the end, sleep eluded me, and before I knew it, morning had arrived.

